PREDATOR™ VS JUDGE DREDD VS ALIENS

SPLICE and DICE

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MICHAEL ATIYEH
MICHAEL HEISLER

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VS
JUDGE DREDD
VS
ALIENS
SPLICE and DICE

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PREDATOR VS. JUDGE DREDD VS. ALIENS: SPLICE AND DICE

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A FEW WEEKS AGO.

HE COMES FROM THE SKY, FROM VERY FAR AWAY.

FROM A CULTURE OF HUNTERS, FROM A SPECIES KNOWN, RESPECTED, AND FEARED THROUGHOUT THIS REGION OF THE GALAXY.

AS EXPERTS AT CAMOUFLAGE AND COMBAT.

AS KILLERS AND TROPHY COLLECTORS.

SKILLED AT STALKING AND SURVIVING.

TRAPPING AND TRACKING.

FOR SPORT AND FOR HONOR.

HE IS ONE OF THE YAUTJA.

THE HISH-QU-TEN.

A PREDATOR.

BUT TODAY--

DEET DEET DOOT

TODAY HE IS SOMETHING ELSE--

TODAY HE IS THE PREY.

SPLUTCH

WELL, WELL, WELL.

YER A FUNNY-LOOKIN' CRITTER, AIN'TCHA?

COURSE, ROUND *THESE* PARTS, IT AIN'T NO *CRIME* BEIN' FUNNY LOOKING.

BUT IT *IS* A CRIME TO BE A *TRESPASSER.*

splutch

AND IF THERE'S *ONE* THING WE DON'T *TOLERATE*--

--IT'S TRESPASSERS.

NOT FAR AWAY.

BUCK... YOU READ ME?

LOOKS LIKE WE JUST TOOK CARE OF OUR VARMINT PROBLEM.

WEIRD-LOOKING FELLA. DIDN'T LOOK LIKE HE'S ANY SORT OF LOCAL.

YEAH, THAT'S A BIG TEN-FOUR, GOOD BUDDY.

WE JUST FOUND A CRASH-LANDED ROCKET SHIP OF HIS.

I THINK HE'S SOME KINDA FREAKY *SPACE MAN,* BUT *NOTHIN'* LIKE THEM ALIEN WEIRDOES THEY GOT RUNNIN' AROUND MEGA-CITY.

HOPE YOU KEPT HIM ALIVE.

DOC REINSTÖT IS GONNA WANT TO GET HIM INTO THE LAB, AND CRACK THAT CRAZY SPACE-MAN *DNA* OF HIS.

ER. ALIVE?

YEAH, THE CRITTER IS STILL ALIVE.

I MEAN, I *THINK* HE'S ALIVE

BARELY

WELL, MAKE SURE HE *STAYS* ALIVE, DAMMIT, OR THE DOC WILL HAVE YOUR HEA--

YO, BUCK!

INSIDE THE SHIP.

YOU *REALLY* NEED TO *SEE* THIS.

WHAT THE--??

THE ALIEN CRITTER

HE'S GOT SOME MIGHTY IMPRESSIVE *WEAPONS* IN HIS ARSENAL.

GOOD THING WE NEVER GAVE HIM A CHANCE TO *USE* ANY OF THIS STUFF.

YEAH, AND THERE'S *MORE.*

LOOKS LIKE IT'S SOME KINDA *TROPHY* COLLECTION.

MEMENTOS OF PREVIOUS *KILLS*, I RECKON.

LET'S GET THE *WEAPONS* BACK TO THE COMPOUND.

AND HAVE THESE *"TROPHIES"* SENT TO THE DOC'S LAB.

YOU THINK HE CAN DO SOMETHING WITH THEM?

ARE YOU KIDDING? HE CREATED *US*, DIDN'T HE?

WITH THE *RIGHT DNA*, DR REINSTÖT CAN DO ALMOST *ANYTHING*.

TODAY:

VROOOOOOOOM

CHRIS MOONEHAM

He comes from Mega-City One, a gargantuan and densely populated megapolis many hundreds of miles away.

He is a Judge, the last and best defense against a world rotten with chaos, corruption, and rampant criminality.

And it's brought him -- and his fellow Judges -- here today, to the vast atomic wasteland known as the Cursed Earth.

To serve justice

To uphold the law.

SMEGS SALOON

ATTENTION, CRIMINAL SCUM:

THIS IS DREDD.

YOU'VE GOT THREE SECONDS TO *SURRENDER.*

TWO

THREE.

OR I'M COMING IN THERE AND GOING TO MAKE YOU *WISH* YOU HAD.

SUDS
BRED
OERP.
WE DON'T WANT NO TROUBLE, JUDGE.
TOO BAD. TROUBLE'S *ALREADY* HERE
NOBODY MOVE.
WE'RE LOOKING FOR A GROUP OF TERRORIST FUGITIVES FROM MEGA-CITY ONE. GOT INFORMATION THEY'RE HIDING OUT HERE IN ISOTOPE FLATS.
DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ANY ROBOT-WORSHIPING APOCALYPSE CULTISTS ARE IN HERE TO *ME*, DREDD.
LOOKS LIKE JUST ANOTHER CRAPHOLE TOWN FULL OF FILTHY CURSED EARTH *MUTIES*.
LOOKS CAN BE *DECEIVING*, JUDGE GILLIGAN.

ISN'T THAT *RIGHT*, JUDGE ANDERSON?

THAT'S FOR SURE. THIS ENTIRE JOINT *REEKS* OF FEAR.

AND *DECEPTION.*

OH, YEAH YOU BETTER BELIEVE THEY'RE *HERE.*

THOUGHT SO.

THESE CREEPS BURNED DOWN HALF THE JOHN CORBETT BLOCK BACK IN MEGA-CITY ONE ON ORDERS OF THAT CRAZY ROBOT *MESSIAH* OF THEIRS.

BUT I DON'T NEED YOUR *PSI POWERS* TO TELL THEY'RE HERE, JUDGE ANDERSON.

I CAN STILL *SMELL* IT ON THEM.

WHAM

HOLO-INDUCERS!

ZZT ZZT

DROKK IT! THE JUDGES--

--THEY'RE *ONTO* US!

QUICKLY, BROTHERS--

--TAKE THEM *DOWN!*

FAP!

GOOD LUCK WITH *THAT,* BOZO.

ATTEMPTED ASSAULT ON A JUDGE.

TWENTY EXTRA YEARS IN AN ISO-CUBE, CREEP.

Wa-POW

JUDGES ANDERSON AND GILLIGAN . FINISH THIS!

BREAKIN' FACES AS FAST AS I CAN, DREDD.

KWAK

GRUDAMMIT!

ONE OF THEM'S GETTING AWAY.

NOT TODAY.

CRACK

LAWGIVER: HEATSEEKER.

BLAM

DREDD

NOW, CREEP: TALK.

UNLESS YOU WANT TO SEE WHAT *ELSE* MY LAWGIVER CAN DO.

TELL ME *EXACTLY* WHERE THAT PSYCHOTIC ROBO-*MESSIAH* OF YOURS *IS*.

WHERE'S *ARCHBISHOP EMOJI*, DIRTBAG?

HAHA HAHA.

YOU'RE TOO LATE, JUDGEY-BOY.

WE SAW YOU COMING, AND HIS DIVINE WORSHIPFULNESS LEFT US HERE TO *DISTRACT* YOU WHILE HE GOT THE DROKK *OUT* OF HERE

HE'S *GONE*, DREDD.

LONG GONE.

LOL LOL ROFL LOL

HE WENT WEST, DREDD.

TOWARD THAT ..*OVER-GROWTH?*

THAT THERE'S THE *ALABAMA MORASS.*

WILDLANDS. SWAMP AND JUNGLE. A HOP, SKIP, AND A JUMP AWAY FROM LAKE LOUISIANA AND TEXAS CITY.. ONE O' THE *WEIRDER* PARTS OF THE CURSED EARTH

AND HE'S *RIGHT.* IF THE FELLA YOU'RE CHASING WENT *THAT* WAY, YOU MIGHT AS WELL LET HIM GO.

SORRY, HANDSOME BUT *"LETTING CRIMS GO"* IS NOT EXACTLY IN DREDD'S VOCABULARY.

HE'S DEAD *ANYWAY.* THE MORASS IS FILLED WITH A BUNCH OF WEIRD, *UNNATURAL* FOLK, AND THEY GOT THEIR OWN RULES.

TRESPASSERS GO IN. THEY *DON'T* COME OUT ALIVE.

IT'S AGAINST THE LAW.

I AM THE LAW.

"A PERFECT KILLING MACHINE. UTTERLY RUTHLESS. UTTERLY WITHOUT MERCY"

DESIGNED ABOVE ALL ELSE TO *SURVIVE.*

TO EVOLVE AND ADAPT TO *ANY* ENVIRONMENT.

TO PROPAGATE

I'M A MAN OF SCIENCE, OF COURSE, BUT IN THE DESIGN OF THE STRANGE AND WONDROUS CREATURE THAT *THIS* ONCE BELONGED TO--

--I CAN ALMOST SEE THE DIVINE.

AND I *DO* KNOW A LITTLE SOMETHING ABOUT *DESIGN.*

THE CREATURES YOU MET, WHO BROUGHT YOU TO ME: I *MADE* THEM.

ME DR. *NIELS REINSTÖT.* GENETICIST SUPREME.

IT WAS *I* WHO SPLICED THEIR *DNA* TO MAKE THEM INTO SOMETHING NEW AND WONDERFUL.

IT WAS *MY* MIND. *MY* GENIUS.

YOU'RE *ALMOST* AS IMPRESSIVE A SPECIMEN AS MY CREATIONS

BUT YOU'RE NOTHING COMPARED TO *THIS.*

YESTERDAY, IT WAS BUT A FEW ERRANT STRANDS OF *DNA.*

NOW, BEHOLD THE MAGNIFICENCE THAT IT IS *TODAY.*

AND, WITH *YOUR* KIND *ASSISTANCE.*

IT WILL BE SOMETHING EVEN *MORE* MAGNIFICENT *TOMORROW.*

WHAT *IS IT,* FOOL?!

I'VE MADE IT *MORE* THAN *CLEAR* HOW I FEEL ABOUT *INTERRUPTIONS* WHILE I WORK

DR. REINSTÖT?

UH, SIR?

YESSIR, BUT THIS IS IMPORTANT.

WE GOT A *PROBLEM,* BOSS. SOMETHING ONE OF OUR *SCOUTS* JUST REPORTED:

TRESPASSERS.

OH, YES. I'M WELL AWARE.

THEY TRIPPED MY SURVEIL-BOTS THE *MOMENT* THEY ENTERED THE PERIMETER OF THE MORASS.

A FUGITIVE ON THE RUN.

AND SOME HUNTERS ON THE HUNT.

JUDGES, BY THE LOOK OF THEM, ALL THE WAY FROM MEGA-CITY ONE.

BRING THEM TO ME.

I HAVE *PLANS* FOR THEM AS WELL.

YESSIR, DR. REINSTÖT, SIR.

BUT THEM AIN'T THE ONES I'M TALKING ABOUT.

"WE GOT US *ANOTHER* SET OF TRESPASSERS."

"AND I'M PRETTY SURE *THESE* GUYS CAME FROM SOMEWHERE A LOT *FARTHER* THAN MEGA-CITY ONE."

NEXT ISSUE: **COLLISION COURSE!**

COUNT FABRU
2016
ADAM BROWN

PROLOGUE.

FIVE YEARS EARLIER.

MEGA-CITY ONE.

OH, THANK GRUD YOU'RE HERE, JUDGE --

DREDD.

YOU HAVE TO DO SOMETHING.

MELISSA GILBERT BLOCK

CITY ORPHANAGE BD36-30.

IT WAS AWFUL, JUST AWFUL.

TRY TO CONTROL YOURSELF, ROBO-MATRON. JUST FILL ME IN ON WHAT HAPPENED.

HE HE CLAIMED HE WAS WITH THE MEGA-CITY ONE DEPARTMENT OF DISEASE ERADICATION --

-- AND THAT EACH ORPHAN WAS TO RECEIVE A MANDATORY VACCINATION AGAINST RAD-POX.

BUT WHAT HE INJECTED THEM WITH IT WAS SOME SORT OF DNA FUSER.

IT WASN'T A RAD-POX VACCINE AT ALL.

≥SOB≤

AND NOW HE'S TAKEN ONE OF THE CHILDREN HOSTAGE.

C-CLAIMS HE'S GOING TO KILL HIM. RAVING THAT HE'S GOING TO KILL ALL OF MEGA-CITY ONE.

HE'S A MONSTER. A MONSTER, I SAY!

DID HE GIVE YOU A NAME?

HE HE CALLED HIMSELF REINSTÖT.

DR. NIELS REINSTÖT.

LEAVE THIS TO ME.

END PROLOGUE.

NOW.

THEY WERE RETURNING FROM A **HUNT** WHEN THEY INTERCEPTED THE DISTRESS SIGNAL THAT BROUGHT THEM TO THE BLUE PLANET.

TRACING THE SOURCE OF THE TRANSMISSION TO A SWAMPY OVERGROWTH LOCATED WITHIN A VAST RADIOACTIVE WASTELAND IN ONE OF THE NORTHERN CONTINENTS.

EXPERT TRACKERS, THEY QUICKLY PIECED TOGETHER WHAT HAD HAPPENED—

—THAT ONE OF THEIR **OWN** WAS PURSUED, INJURED, AND CAPTURED.

AND SO A **DIFFERENT** SORT OF HUNT BEGAN.

BUT WHAT HAPPENED AFTER **THAT** WAS MORE **DIFFICULT** TO DETERMINE

THEY FOUND A **MULTITUDE** OF STRANGE **ANIMAL** TRACKS.

AND NOT FAR AWAY, THEY DISCOVERED TRAILS BELONGING TO SOME SORT OF NATIVE LAND-BASED **VEHICLES.**

EVIDENCE OF SOME SORT OF VEHICULAR PURSUIT.

THIS IS DREDD, AND YOU ARE UNDER ARREST.

THIS IS YOUR ONLY WARNING.

SURRENDER NOW, IN THE NAME OF THE LAW.

O.J. I'LL TAKE MY CHANCE! I'M NOT GOING TO JAIL. DREDD WON'T GET IT

CHRIS MOONEY-HAM

THEY FOUND DETRITUS FROM SOME NATIVE'S PRIMITIVE BALLISTIC WEAPONRY.

[illegible]

ATATATATA

AND BLOOD FROM ONE OF THE PLANET'S DOMINANT HUMANOID BIPED INHABITANTS.

ACK!

SPAK

DAMMIT, HE *NAILED* ME, DREDD.

FOCUS, JUDGE GILLIGAN. COMPLAIN LATER.

LAWGIVER: ARMOR PIERCING.

TOOM

TOOM

TOOM

TOOM

WTF

:(

*THEY FOUND A TRAIL OF SYNTHETIC INTERNAL-COMBUSTION LUBRICANT USED ON SOME OF THE **MACHINERY** OF THE PLANET.*

*BUT EVEN BOSU, THE LEADER OF THE GROUP, WHO HAD HUNTED ON THIS PARTICULAR PLANET BEFORE AND HAD SOME FAMILIARITY WITH ITS DOMINANT LIFE FORM, COULDN'T EXPLAIN **THIS**.*

ｿﾒﾀﾗﾍ ｿﾒﾀﾀ ﾀﾍﾀﾏﾍ ｿﾀﾕﾍ ｿﾀﾕﾒﾕﾀ ﾍﾔﾕﾀ?

ENOUGH.

LAWGIVER: HIGH EXPLOSIVE.

THOOM

BWOOM

WHAT THE HELL THIS WAS.

OR WHAT EXACTLY HAD HAPPENED HERE...

ARCHBISHOP EMOJI, FOR THE FIREBOMBING OF THE JOHN CORBETT BLOCK OF MEGA-CITY ONE BY YOU AND YOUR FOLLOWERS, AND OTHER ASSORTED CRIMINAL ACTS, YOU ARE UNDER ARREST.

SPECIFIC CHARGES INCLUDE THE CRIMES OF MURDER, ARSON, ATTEMPTED MURDER, AGGRAVATED ASSAULT, POSSESSION OF EXPLOSIVES, POSSESSION OF FIREARMS, CYBER-BULLYING, IMPERSONATING A MESSIAH, DESECRATION OF RELIGIOUS ARTIFACTS, SEDITION, CRIMINAL FRAUD, CRIMINAL CONSPIRACY, DISORDERLY CONDUCT, DISTURBING THE PEACE, RESISTING ARREST, THEFT, ROBBERY, RECKLESS DRIVING, AND EVASION OF A JUDGE.

DON'T FORGET SPEEDING.

AND SPEEDING.

MY JUDGMENT: TERMINATION OF OPERATIONS

UHHHH.

JUDGE ANDERSON? ARE YOU *OKAY?*

IS THERE A *PROBLEM,* JUDGE? YOU'RE *INTERRUPTING* THIS PERP'S *SENTENCING.*

YEAH, YOU BET THERE IS.

PSYCHIC ENERGY IS COMIN' IN UP THE WAZOO.

FROM ALL *AROUND* US.

PRETTY SURE WE'RE NOT *ALONE* HERE.

DROKK IT!

There was evidence of a fight here

GRAK

FWAM

And the strange animal tracks they were EVERYWHERE.

It was deduced that the humanoids were ambushed and overcome --

-- by the creatures who had done the same thing to their colleague.

And so the hunt continued --

-- with the hunters CONFIDENT they were on the RIGHT TRACK.

BUT TO ENSURE THAT THESE HUNTERS WOULD NOT BECOME THE HUNTED --

-- LIKE THE OTHER OF THEIR RACE HAD --

-- LIKE THE HUMANOIDS HAD --

-- PRECAUTIONS WERE TAKEN.

?!?

ELSEWHERE, AND NOT LONG AFTER.

IN THE VILLAGE OF THE HYBRIDS.

"LOST THEM"? WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU "LOST THEM"?

YOUR ORDERS WERE TO KEEP AN EYE ON THEM.

IT'S NOT LIKE THE FOUR OF THEM COULD DISAPPEAR INTO THIN AIR, IS IT?

ER, SORRY, BOSS. BUT THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED.

IN THE LABORATORY OF THEIR CREATOR.

LAB 13

I'M DISAPPOINTED IN YOU, GOBI. EXCEEDINGLY DISAPPOINTED.

SORRY, SIR BUT ALL THE OTHER ANI-MANS WERE BUSY BRINGIN' IN THE JUDGES.

AFORE I COULD GATHER A POSSE TO GO AFTER THEM SPACE MEN, THEY UP AND VANISHED.

UHNNN...

ER, SPEAKING OF THE JUDGES. LOOKS LIKE THEY WAKIN' UP.

OH, GRUD.

AH, WELCOME BACK, JUDGE.

BACK TO THE LAND OF THE LIVING.

THOUGH I'M AFRAID YOU WON'T BE STAYING FOR VERY LONG.

YOU

NIELS REINSTÖT

DR. NIELS REINSTÖT

I KNOW YOU.

FIVE YEARS EARLIER.

LET GO OF THE KID AND SURRENDER, REINSTÖT *MAYBE* YOU JUST END UP SERVING A HALF CENTURY OR SO IN AN ISO-CUBE.

THAT'S *NOT* HAPPENING, JUDGE, SO YOU MIGHT AS WELL GET TO THE "OR ELSE."

FINE BY ME.

FOR THE CHARGES OF KIDNAPPING, CHILD ENDANGERMENT, AND UNAUTHORIZED GENETIC MANIP-ULATION--

--I *SENTENCE* YOU--

--TO *DEATH.*

BLAM

SPABLOOIE

I KILLED YOU.

DID YOU REALLY *THINK* SO?

OH, SIR. YOU *FLATTER* ME.

THANK YOU. THANK YOU SO MUCH.

"THAT MAN YOU KILLED -- THAT YOU *THOUGHT* WAS ME -- HE WAS A *DECOY*.

"SO I COULD MAKE MY *GETAWAY* AFTER MY SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT ON THOSE PATHETIC UNWANTED ORPHANS --

"-- I INFUSED SOME POOR CHUMP WITH MY *OWN DNA*, AND A HIGH-ENOUGH DOSE OF *PSYCAINE* TO ENSURE HE'D HAVE A *COMPLETE* HOMICIDAL REACTION."

DREDD THIS REINSTÖT HE'S NOT *JUST* CRAZY.

HIS HEAD INSIDE IT'S LIKE A BOILING, SWIRLING POT OF MADNESS... AND *EVIL*.

AND *SPIDERS*.

OH, YES. THE EARLIEST EXPERIMENTS WITH MY *DNA*-INFUSER FORMULA UTILIZED *BUG DNA* -- INSECTS AND ARACHNIDS.

ALAS, THAT FORMULA WAS CRUDE, AND *DANGEROUSLY UNSTABLE*.

IT WASN'T UNTIL I CAME *HERE*, AWAY FROM THE DISAPPROVAL OF THE MEGA-CITY ONE ACADEMICS, AWAY FROM THE DICTATORIAL CONSTRAINTS OF ITS DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE, THAT I WAS ABLE TO *REFINE* MY FORMULA.

TO *PERFECT* MY FORMULA.

USING THE *DNA* OF THE MULTITUDE OF MAMMALIAN CREATURES HERE IN THE *ALABAMA MORASS* AS MY CANVAS.

AND *THEN*, JUST WHEN I THOUGHT MY WORK WAS COMPLETE...

...*TRUE PERFECTION* FELL OUT OF THE SKY

ALLOW ME TO *DEMONSTRATE* ON JUDGE McCRARY.

WHAT? WHAT ARE YOU *DOING?*

THIS IS *MY* FORMULA, INCORPORATING THE *DNA* TAKEN FROM THIS STRANGE *ALIEN* SKULL

THE EFFECTS ARE ALMOST IMMEDIATE, AND I'M AFRAID TO SAY *QUITE* PAINFUL.

THE *DNA FUSES* WITH THAT OF THE HOST, AND WHAT WE ARE LEFT WITH IS A RANDOM AMALGAMATION OF BOTH SPECIES, BITS AND PIECES OF ORIGINAL *DNA* INTERMINGLED WITH WHATEVER *DNA* *MY* FORMULA INTRODUCED.

SADLY, THE RESULTS ARE *LESS* THAN IDEAL.

NOO. STOP PLEASE! *ARRRRRR*

IT BURRRNRRRRRR...

rrrrRRRRAAA

AHRRRR

MY ENTIRE CAREER, MY ENTIRE LIFE, I'VE SOUGHT TO CREATE A *PERFECT HARMONY* BETWEEN DISPARATE SETS OF *DNA*

DROKK IT, CREEP, WHEN I GET *OUT* OF HERE--

WHAT I'VE SOUGHT SO TIRELESSLY TO DO THROUGH *SCIENCE*, *THIS* MAGNIFICENT SPECIMEN DOES THROUGH ITS OWN *BIOLOGY*.

THIS IS THE ALIEN IN ITS *PURE* FORM. BY THE WAY.

IN ITS *SECOND* STAGE OF LIFE, AS A PARASITOID LARVA, IT WILL ATTACH TO A HOST--

--AND IMPREGNATE IT WITH AN ENDOPARASITOID THAT *GESTATES* WITHIN A HOST.

NOOOOO! *NOOOO!*

SSSSSSSSSSSSSS

I'M AFRAID THE RESULTS ARE NOT AS IMMEDIATE OR DRAMATIC AS *MY* FORMULA...

BUT *SOME* TIME FROM NOW, A LIFE FORM WILL EMERGE THAT IS THE *ULTIMATE* GENETIC SYNTHESIS OF ALIEN AND HOST, A BIOLOGICAL *MASTERPIECE* OF EVOLUTIONARY SURVIVABILITY AND ADAPTABILITY.

I *KNOW* WHAT THESE THINGS CAN DO, CREEP*

BUT HOW THE DROKK DO *YOU* KNOW?

*SEE JUDGE DREDD VS. ALIENS: INCUBUS

"OH, TRUST ME.

"I KNOW."

EXCUSE ME, BOSS?

HMM?

I NEED A *WORD* WITH YOU.

PSST DREDD. I HOPE YOU HAVE AN *ESCAPE* PLAN

WHATEVER'S LEFT OF JUDGE McCRARY...THOSE *CONSTRAINTS* AREN'T GOING TO *HOLD* HIM FOR LONG

BOSS, WE GOT A PROBLEM

HMM?

THE SPACE MEN WE LOST? WELL, WE *FOUND* 'EM

"THEY'RE *OUTSIDE.* GUNS BLAZING. PUTTIN' UP A *HELL* OF A FIGHT

"THINK THEY CAME TO GET THEIR *FRIEND* BACK."

HEH HEH. WON'T *THEY* BE IN FOR A SURPRISE!

NO DOUBT.

BUT I GOTTA GET YOU *OUT* OF HERE, BOSS.

TO SAFETY.

GOBI, BRING THE GIRL.

WHAT? WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH *ME?*

OH MY GOD.

OH *YES*, MY DEAR. YOU'RE THE *NEXT* STAGE OF EXPERIMENTATION WITH THIS STRANGE AND WONDROUS XENOMORPHIC SPECIES.

AND LET ME SAY YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE A *FINE QUEEN.*

WHAT ABOUT *ME*, REINSTÖT?

OH, I HAVE *PLANS* FOR YOU, DREDD.

EVEN IF IT WASN'T *ACTUALLY* ME YOU WENT AFTER ALL THOSE YEARS AGO, YOU *DID TRY* TO KILL ME.

COMPUTER: DISENGAGE LOCKS AND FORCE FIELD IN QUARANTINE ROOM.

"IT'S TIME I RETURN THE FAVOR."

NEXT ISSUE

SAVAGE SCIENCE

FABRY
-2016-
ADAM
BROWN

ARCHBISHOP EMOJI DIDN'T ACTUALLY **BELIEVE** ANY OF THE THINGS HE TOLD THE FOLLOWERS OF HIS APOCALYPTIC DEATH CULT.

THERE WAS **NO** GREAT PROGRAMMER WITH A DIVINE MESSAGE THAT ONLY ARCHBISHOP EMOJI COULD UNDERSTAND. THERE WAS NO DIVINE PROPHECY WITHIN THE GREAT HOLY BOOK OF CODE THAT ONLY EMOJI COULD INTERPRET.

THE PROPHECY THAT SAID IT WAS THE **DUTY** OF ALL TRUE BELIEVERS TO BRING FORTH **SALVATION** TO MEGA-CITY ONE --

SA..VATION TBD

APOCALYPSE TBD

-- SALVATION IN THE FORM OF GLORIOUS **APOCALYPSE** --

-- WAS PURE BUNK. 100% CRAP.

THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER WAS SIMPLE AND THE TRUTH WAS THIS:

ARCHBISHOP EMOJI JUST REALLY, **REALLY** HATED HUMANS.

WHEN EMOJI WAS CHASED BY THE JUDGES OUT OF MEGA-CITY ONE, AND THROUGHOUT THEIR LONG PURSUIT OF HIM ACROSS THE CURSED EARTH--

--INTO THE STRANGE OVERGROWTH KNOWN AS THE ALABAMA MORASS--

--IT WAS **HATE** THAT KEPT HIM GOING.

BUT HATE COULDN'T SAVE HIM WHEN THE JUDGES FINALLY **CAUGHT UP** TO HIM.

AND WHEN IT CAME TIME FOR THE JUDGE KNOWN AS **DREDD** TO ADMINISTER HIS **FINAL SENTENCE**--

--SOMETHING STRANGE AND UNEXPECTED TRANSPIRED.

EMOJI WONDERED IF HE WAS WITNESSING SOME SORT OF **MIRACLE.**

SOME SORT OF **DIVINE INTERVENTION.**

WERE THE STRANGE CREATURES THAT CAME TO HIS AID SOME SORT OF HEAVENLY AGENTS?

HEY, WHAT DO YOU RECKON *THIS* THINGAMABOB IS?

DANGED IF I KNOW.

WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S NOT *OUR* PROBLEM.

DOC REINSTÖT TOLD US TO BRING 'IM THE *JUDGES* SO'S HE CAN EXPERIMENT WITH THEM AND THAT *ALIEN* DNA.

AN' THAT'S *EXACTLY* WHAT I AIM TA DO.

DELIVERED UNTO EMOJI TO ASSIST WITH WHAT HE NOW RECOGNIZED AS HIS HOLY PURPOSE?

YES.

EMOJI WAS CERTAIN THAT IT WAS.

HE STILL HATED HUMANS, OF COURSE. BUT NOW WHAT FUELED HIM WAS FAITH.

FAITH THAT HERE IN THIS PLACE -- THE ALABAMA MORASS -- HE WOULD FIND THE KEY TO MEGA-CITY ONE'S SALVATION. AND ITS APOCALYPSE.

THIS WAS A PLACE OF MIRACLES, AFTER ALL.

MIRACLES --

— AND MONSTROSITIES.

SSSSSSS

HH22

FINAL WARNING, CREEP.

CALL OFF YOUR MONSTERS, *RELEASE* ME, AND *SURRENDER.*

AND *MAYBE* I SENTENCE YOU TO ONLY THREE *CENTURIES* IN AN ISO-CUBE

KhHhSSSSSS

HE *CAN'T* BE SERIOUS. TIED SECURELY AND ABOUT TO BE *EVISCERATED* BY TWO OF THE GENETICALLY ENGINEERED ALIEN KILLING MACHINES I JUST BROUGHT TO LIFE?

SURELY HE CAN'T BE SERIOUS.

WE GOT *NO* TIME TO FIND OUT, DOC. COME ON.

I'M NOT GOING TO *FORGET* THIS, REINSTÖT!

WE HAVE TO *GO*, BOSS.

YOU HEAR THAT GUNFIRE AND *SCREAMS* OUTSIDE?

"WE'RE UNDER *ATTACK* OUT THERE, AND WE'RE BEING *MASSACRED*--

"--BY THAT *OTHER* GROUP OF ALIENS WHO CAME HERE LOOKIN' FOR THEIR CRASH-LANDED BUDDY."

OUR SCOUTS SAID THERE WERE ONLY *FOUR* OF THEM.

HOW COULD THEY DO SO MUCH DAMAGE, AFTER WE TOOK ONE OF *THEIRS* SO EASILY?

BECAUSE THE ONE THAT CRASHED HERE WAS SURPRISED AND INJURED. *THESE* FOUR ARE *READY* FOR US.

THEY'RE THE PREDATORS AND *WE'RE* THE PREY *THIS* TIME.

AND IF WE STICK AROUND MUCH LONGER WE'RE GOING TO BE AS DEAD AS THOSE *JUDGES* BACK THERE.

DREDD ISN'T DEAD, REINSTÖT.

PERHAPS NOT *YET*, ANYWAY

AND YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE *UNDERESTIMATING* HIM.

I WOULDN'T WANNA BE IN *YOUR* SHOES WHEN HE BUSTS OUT OF THERE.

YOU'RE *HARDLY* IN ANY POSITION TO TALK, MY DEAR, ANY MORE THAN YOUR *COLLEAGUE* WAS.

YOU'LL NO DOUBT BE ABLE TO BACK UP YOUR THREATS SOON ENOUGH. *AFTER* I'VE IMPLANTED YOU WITH THE XENOMORPHIC *QUEEN* EMBRYO

AND THEN, I HAVE *NO* DOUBT YOU WILL BE FORMIDABLE, MAGNIFICENT, AND *UTTERLY* LETHAL.

BUT *UNTIL* THAT MOMENT, YOU ARE NOTHING MORE THAN MY CAPTIVE. UTTERLY *HELPLESS.*

AND YOU WOULD DO WELL TO *REMEMB—*

UH, DOC?

I DON'T THINK SHE CAN *HEAR* YOU NO MORE.

SHE DON'T LOOK EXACTLY *CONSCIOUS.*

THINK MAYBE YOU PUT A SCARE INTO HER AND SHE *FAINTED.*

BACK AT THE LAB.

JUDGE McCRARY! DO YOU HEAR ME? SNAP *OUT* OF IT!

THAT REINSTÖT CREEP SAID HE FUSED *YOUR DNA* WITH *ALIEN DNA*.

SSSSSSS

WHICH MEANS *SOMEWHERE* IN THERE, THERE'S *STILL* A MAN

WHICH MEANS SOMEWHERE IN THERE, THERE'S STILL A *JUDGE*.

SO DO YOUR DROKKIN' *JOB*, OFFICER!

AND DO IT *NOW*, McCRARY.

HAAARRGHH

SKKKRIPPP

GOOD WORK, McCRARY!

WHUMP

NOOO. NOOOT McCRARY, OR NOOT *JUST* McCRARY.

STOMM! *ANDERSON?!?* YOU'RE IN McCRARY'S HEAD?

SKINK

JUST *PARTIALLY*, DREDD. USING MY PSI ABILITIES TO GUIDE WHAT'S LEFT OF THE HUMAN PART, BUT THAT'S FADING FAST.

BUT BEFORE THAT *OTHER* BUTT-UGLY SPUGGER COMES TO--

-- I'M CUTTIN' YOU LOOSE.

GOOD.

NOW YOU CAN HELP ME PUT THAT OTHER MONSTROSITY *DOWN*.

NOT A CHANCE, DREDD. YOUR LAWGIVER'S BEEN CONFISCATED, AND I'VE ONLY GOT ANOTHER FEW SECONDS OF CONTROL.

YOU'VE ONLY GOT TIME FOR ONE THING--

--AND THAT'S GETTING THE DROKK OUT OF THERE!

SOON.

OKAY, ANDERSON, I'VE GOT GILLIGAN, AND WE'VE MADE IT *OUTSIDE*.

WHAT *HAPPENED* OUT HERE?

REINSTÖT'S ANIMAL SOLDIERS. THEY'RE *DEAD* AND THEY'RE *EVERYWHERE*.

ANDERSON?! *ANDERSON?!?*

DAMN

ANDERSON BROKE OFF TELEPATHIC CONTACT. LOOKS LIKE IT'S JUST YOU AND ME, JUDGE GILLIGAN.

AND FOR THE RECORD, YOU'RE ABOUT 3.5 KILOGRAMS OVER REGULATION WEIGHT. YOU'RE GOING ON *REPORT* ONCE YOU GET BACK TO MEGA-CITY ONE

AFTER YOU GET TO A *MEDICAL* TEAM.

LOSING JUDGE McCRARY WAS BAD ENOUGH.

I'M NOT GOING TO LET ANYTHING HAPPEN TO Y--

SHUNK

YOU JUST MADE A BIG MISTAKE, SCUM.

ASSASSINATION OF A JUDGE CARRIES A *DEATH* SENTENCE

WHAM

FWAM

SORRY, GRUESOME, BUT IGNORANCE OF THE LANGUAGE IS NO EXCUSE.

AND NEITHER IS IGNORANCE OF THE *LAW*.

KNOCK IT OFF, DREDD!

LEAVE HIM ALONE.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, THESE GUYS ARE *FRIENDLY.*

ANDERSON?!

WHERE'S DR. REINSTÖT? I THOUGHT HE WAS HOLDING YOU *CAPTIVE.*

OH, HE *WAS.*

"UNTIL *THESE* GOOD-LOOKIN' FELLAS SHOWED UP AND HE *SURRENDERED.*

"NOW HE'S IN A *HOLDING CELL,* UNDER ARMED GUARD—

"—ALONG WITH THE *LAST* OF HIS SURVIVING GENETICALLY ENGINEERED HYBRID ANI-MEN."

THEY ALLOWED REINSTÖT TO *LIVE?*

THESE ALIENS... THEY'RE A *PREDATORY* SPECIES, BUT THEY HAVE A STRANGE AND COMPLEX CODE OF *HONOR.*

PREY THAT *BEGS* FOR MERCY IS *UNWORTHY* IN THEIR EYES OF THE *HONOR* OF KILLING.

ESPECIALLY WHEN *BETTER* PREY TAKES *PRIORITY.*

YOU CAN *TALK* TO THEM?

NOT TALK, EXACTLY BUT THANKS TO MY PSI ABILITIES, WE CAN *UNDERSTAND* ONE ANOTHER

GOOD.

THEN LET *THIS* ONE UNDERSTAND THE *PRICE* YOU PAY WHEN YOU *MURDER* A JUDGE.

IT WAS *TOO LATE* FOR GILLIGAN.

HE... HE BELIEVES IT WAS A *MERCY* TO TAKE GILLIGAN'S LIFE... THAT GILLIGAN WAS ALREADY *DOOMED* AS SOON AS THE IMPLANTED XENOMORPH STARTED TO GROW WITHIN HIM.

IT *WASN'T* TOO LATE. WE HAVE THE TECH IN MEGA-CITY ONE THAT COULD'VE EXTRACTED THE EMBRYO. WHAT DOES HE KNOW?

FSSHHHHHHT

HE *KNOWS,* DREDD. GILLIGAN WAS IN A TOO FAR ADVANCED STATE.

THIS WASN'T HIS *FIRST* TIME GOING UP AGAINST THOSE ALIENS.

THEN *THESE* ALIENS KNOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN IF THOSE *OTHER* ALIENS ARE ALLOWED TO GO FREE, TO PROPAGATE

THE DEATH AND DESTRUCTION THAT WILL HAPPEN IF THEY'RE ALLOWED TO REACH *CIVILIZATION.*

AND WHY WE NEED TO *STOP* THEM

OH, THEY KNOW, DREDD.

REMEMBER THAT *HIGHER-PRIORITY PREY* I WAS TALKING ABOUT?

HERE. GOT YOUR *LAWGIVER* BACK WHILE WE WERE PUTTING CRAZY DOCTOR GENESPLICER AND HIS WEIRDO HYBRIDS IN THE BRIG.

THESE CREATURES--THEY CALL THEMSELVES THE *YAUTJA*--THEY *LIVE* FOR THIS KIND OF STUFF.

THEY'RE *HUNTERS.*

GOOD.

LET'S HUNT.

AND SO.

THEY'LL BE HUNTING *US* TOO, YOU KNOW

THAT LAB COULDN'T HOLD THEM FOR LONG ONCE REINSTÖT DEACTIVATED THE FORCE FIELDS.

THEY'RE OUT *HERE* NOW.

I CAN *SENSE* THAT THEY'RE *NEAR*.

AND THE *ONE* GROWN FROM THE YAUTJA — IT WAS *INJURED* WHEN I WAS ABLE TO GET INTO THE JUDGE McCRARY ALIEN'S HEAD AND HELP McCRARY *TURN* ON HIM.

HOW ABOUT YOU GET BACK *INTO* HIS HEAD AND *FINISH* THE JOB, ANDERSON?

'FRAID THAT'S NOT AN OPTION. ANYTHING LEFT OF JUDGE McCRARY IS LONG GONE.

BUT HE'S STILL GOT JUDGE McCRARY'S *DNA* IN THERE.

JUDGES --'SPECIALLY JUDGES THAT TRAINED WITH *YOU*, DREDD — AREN'T EXACTLY KNOWN FOR THEIR *SUBTLETY*.

HSSSSS

FWUMP

YEAH, I DIDN'T *THINK* HE'D MAKE HIMSELF *TOO* HARD TO FIND.

GUESS THIS MEANS THE *OTHER* ONE ISN'T FAR BEHIND EITHER.

LAWGIVER: RAPID FIRE

BRATATATATA

COME ON OUT AND *FIGHT* LIKE WHATEVER THE DROKK YOU ARE!

SHUK

SSSSSSSSS

ARRRRRRR!!!

SS

SSSSSSSSSS

HHHggggsssssss

SSSS SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS

NOW, ANDERSON WHILE WE GOT THESE ALIEN PUNKS ON THE ROPES!

BRATATATATATATATATATATATA

LET'S *FINISH* THIS!

SPUT

SPUT

SPUT

SPUT

WE. WE *DID* IT?

DON'T GET *COCKY*, ANDERSON WE GOT LUCKY

WE WERE *READY*, WE HAD BACK-UP, AND ONE OF *THEM* WAS *ALREADY* INJURED.

THIS COULD HAVE GONE A *LOT* WORSE. AND FOR *SOME* OF US IT *DID*.

LET THE YAUTJA KNOW I'M *NOT* CHARGING HIM FOR WHAT HE DID TO JUDGE GILLIGAN.

HE WAS *RIGHT*. NEVER COULD HAVE MADE IT BACK TO MEGA-CITY IN TIME TO SAVE GILLIGAN.

BUT I WANT THEM *OFF* THIS PLANET. THEY'VE GOT AN ENTIRE *UNIVERSE* TO DO THEIR *HUNTING*, AND I'M *NOT* GOING TO *TOLERATE* IT HERE.

ONE STEP AHEAD OF YA, DREDD.

THEY'VE ALREADY AGREED TO LEAVE REINSTÖT AND HIS ANIMAL-MEN SO WE CAN *SENTENCE* THEM

CALLING ON THEIR SHIPMATE RIGHT NOW TO PREP THEIR STARSHIP FOR IMMEDIATE TAKEOFF.

*SO SORRY, BUT YOUR CREWMAN IS **DEAD**, AND THEREFORE IS **UNAVAILABLE** TO COME TO HIS COMLINK.*

AND IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR YOUR *SPACECRAFT*, I'M AFRAID YOU'RE IN FOR *ANOTHER* UNPLEASANT SURPRISE.

REINSTÖT? WHAT THE DROKK?!?

WE LOCKED YOU UP. AND ALL YOUR FRIENDS ARE DEAD—OR LOCKED UP *WITH* YOU.

OH, YES BUT YOU SEE, I MADE A *NEW* FRIEND.

HE RESCUED ME.

AND WHILE *HE* IS A MAN OF FAITH, AND I AM A MAN OF *SCIENCE*, WE'VE DISCOVERED WE SHARE A MUTUAL INTEREST.

AND A GLORIOUS MUTUAL *PURPOSE*.

NEXT

MEGA-CITY OVERRUN!!

GLENN FABRY
-2016-
ADAM BROWN

MEGA-CITY ONE HAS A POPULATION OF 800 MILLION

800 MILLION TARGETS.

800 MILLION VICTIMS.

ARCHBISHOP EMOJI FOUNDED HIS APOCALYPTIC DEATH CULT ON THE PROMISE THAT HE WOULD DELIVER GLORIOUS DEATH TO ALL NONBELIEVERS.

AFTER THE JUDGES RAN HIM OUT OF TOWN, HE SENT A BROADCAST TO HIS FOLLOWERS FROM HIS EXILE, PROMISING THAT THIS WOULD BE THE NIGHT OF HIS GLORIOUS RETURN.

HE ORDERED HIS CONGREGATION TO GATHER OUTSIDE THEIR CHURCH, AND PROMISED THAT THE FAITHFUL AND THE DEVOUT WOULD HAVE A FRONT-ROW SEAT FOR THE COMING ARMAGEDDON.

HE PROMISED THEM CATACLYSM.

HE PROMISED THEM CARNAGE THE LIKES OF WHICH THEY HAD NEVER SEEN.

SAV US EMOJI

BUT HE NEVER ONCE PROMISED THAT ANY OF THEM WOULD SURVIVE.

IT'S A GLORIOUS THING, ISN'T IT?

RIGHT, K DR.,

OF COURSE, WHAT *YOU* CALL APOCALYPSE, I CALL *PURIFICATION.*

HUMANS ARE, AFTER ALL, SUCH A GENETICALLY *IMPERFECT* SPECIES.

EVEN MY HYBRID ANI-MAN CREATIONS WERE LITTLE MORE THAN A *SMALL* STEP IN A *BETTER* DIRECTION.

BUT WITH THE ADDITION OF XENOMORPH *DNA*, I'VE *FINALLY* FOUND THE GENETIC *PERFECTION* I'VE SOUGHT MY ENTIRE SCIENTIFIC CAREER

THIS MAY BE *YOUR* GREAT ARMAGEDDON, THE END OF ALL LIFE AS MEGA-CITY ONE KNOWS IT.

BUT THAT'S NOT WHAT *I* SEE...

...I SEE A GRAND NEW *BEGINNING.*

PITY *YOU* WON'T BE AROUND TO SEE IT.

THAT WAS ALMOST TWO HOURS AGO.

NEARLY THERE NOW, DREDD. THIS ALIEN BUCKET IS MOVIN' AS FAST AS IT *CAN*.

THIS ALIEN BUCKET IS *TOO* DROKKIN' *SLOW*.

YEAH, MAYBE BECAUSE OF ALL THE *DAMAGE* IT TOOK WHEN IT *CRASH-LANDED* ON THIS PLANET.

OR MAYBE BECAUSE OUR NEW *FRIENDS* THERE GOT IT PATCHED TOGETHER WITH SPIT AND DUCT TAPE...OR WHATEVER THE YAUTJA EQUIVALENT IS.

I'D SAY WE'RE LUCKY WE GOT THIS TIN CAN IN THE AIR

CUT THE CHATTER, ANDERSON

"CONTROL, THIS IS DREDD.

"JUST ENTERING MC-1 AIRSPACE, HEADING FOR WILLIE AMES BLOCK, IN PURSUIT OF TWO CRIMS WE BELIEVE HAVE UNLEASHED *HIGHLY* DANGEROUS EXTRATERRESTRIAL ORGANISMS

"REQUESTING AS MUCH BACK-UP AS YOU CAN SPARE."

NEGATIVE, DREDD.

WE NEED TO YOU TO REDIRECT YOUR SHIP TO THE HALL OF JUSTICE LANDING PLATFORM FOR INSPECTION.

YOU'RE FLYING IN AN UNLICENSED, UNREGISTERED SHIP, AND CARRYING TWO LIFE FORMS WE CAN'T IDENTIFY

NO TIME. CONTROL ORGANISMS POSE *SEVERE* THREAT.

WE NEED TO PUT ALL OF AMES BLOCK ON LOCKDOWN.

THREAT NEEDS TO BE NEUTRALIZED AT *ALL* COSTS.

AMES BLOCK IS QUIET, DREDD.

WE'RE PLENTY BUSY RIGHT NOW IN ADJACENT SEACREST BLOCK--

--A BLITZER BOMBING, A 600-CAR PILE-UP ON THE EASTBOUND SLIPZOOM, AND A GANG OF FUTSIES RUNNING LOOSE IN THE LOWER LEVEL.

ONLY ACTIVITY FROM AMES BLOCK IS A COUPLE *NOISE* COMPLAINTS.

AN HOUR OR SO AGO. CALLS ABOUT SOME STRANGE *ANIMAL* NOISES.

CAN'T REALLY SPARE ANY BACK-UP UNITS RIGHT NOW FOR *THAT*.

ANIMAL NOISES? THAT'S *THEM*.

IF PEOPLE AREN'T CALLING IN, IT'S BECAUSE THEY'RE BEING *KILLED* BEFORE THEY HAVE A CHANCE.

THESE *CREATURES* ARE FAST, AND *EXTREMELY* LETHAL.

WHAT IS THE PRECISE NATURE OF THESE ORGANISMS, JUDGE?

THEY *STARTED* AS GENETICALLY ALTERED MAN-ANIMAL AMALGAMATIONS, BEFORE BEING IMPLANTED WITH AN EXTRATERR--

WE'LL DISPATCH AN ANIMAL-CONTROL UNIT, DREDD. IN THE MEANTIME, OUR SCANS ARE DETECTING WEAPONS OF UNKNOWN ORIGIN IN YOUR VEHICLE.

PLEASE REDIRECT YOUR SHIP TO THE HALL OF JUSTICE LANDI--

DAMMIT.

TURNING OFF YOUR COMM, DREDD?

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE ON OUR OWN FOR THIS, JUDGE ANDERSON.

GOOD THING WE *ALREADY* HAVE BACK-UP.

SOON.

BUT NOT SOON ENOUGH.

STOMM!

IT'S A MASSACRE.

NO, IT'S JUST THE *BEGINNING* OF A MASSACRE.

WE NEED TO *STOP* THESE CREATURES BEFORE REINSTÖT CAN CREATE MORE.

THAT WILL BE THE *NEXT* PHASE OF HIS PLAN HE WON'T BE CONTENT *JUST* UNLEASHING A *FEW* OF THEM UPON MEGA-CITY.

HMM. HE'S NOT POPPING UP ON MY PSI-SCAN. WHICH MEANS HE ISN'T CLOSE, WHEREVER HE IS.

MAYBE HE'S DEAD.

HE CAN'T POSSIBLY THINK HE CAN *CONTROL* THOSE MONSTERS OF HIS, CAN HE?

HEY! WHERE THE DROKK ARE *YOU TWO* GOING?

THE MORE HE TALKS, THE BETTER I GET AT UNDERSTANDING.

HE SAYS WE NEED TO SPLIT UP.

HE SAYS THEY CAN TRACK BETTER ON THEIR OWN. HUNT MORE EFFICIENTLY.

NO DROKKIN' WAY I'M LETTING *ANOTHER* GROUP OF ROGUE OFF-WORLDERS LOOSE IN MY CITY, WITHOUT *MY* SUPERVISION.

WE STAY *TOGETHER* FOR THIS "*HUNT*," OR *YOU* DON'T HUNT AT ALL.

IS THAT *UNDERSTOOD?*

YEAH, OKAY. HE AGREES.

OUR KNOWLEDGE OF THE CITY PLUS THEIR TRACKING SKILLS COULD BE ADVANTAGEOUS

DIDN'T SOUND LIKE THAT WAS *ALL* HE SAID. WHAT *ELSE*, ANDERSON?

ER I'M NOT SURE IT PRECISELY TRANSLATES

WHAT DID HE *SAY?*

"*MAKE SURE YOU KEEP UP*"

THE YAUTJA WERE SUPERIOR TRACKERS.

AS COMFORTABLE IN THE URBAN JUNGLE AS THEY'D BEEN HUNTING BACK IN THE ALABAMA MORASS.

MORE BODIES UP AHEAD.

FRESH KILL, HE SAYS. STILL WARM.

WHAT'S HE --

HE SAYS THERE'S MORE BLOOD THAN THERE ARE BODIES. THERE *SHOULD* BE MORE CORPSES HERE

MAYBE THEY'RE *FEEDING.*

OR MAYBE --

AT A NEARBY, DARKLY LIT CORNER.

I GOT WHAT YOU NEED RIGHT HERE, FRIEND. PURE *UMPTY.*

A BATCH MADE BY UNCLE UMP HIMSELF GUARANTEED TO BLOW YOUR MIND AND ROT YOUR TEETH ON THE VERY FIRST BITE

N-NEED MY FIX, MAN. GOTTA HAVE MY FIX

GOTTA HAVE IT. G-GIMME!

THE MOST *ADDICTIVE* CANDY IN MEGA-CITY? OF *COURSE* YOU DO.

BUT TELL ME, FRIEND, WHAT WOULD YOU *PAY?*

HSSSSSSSSS

STOMM ON A STOOL!

THAT THING WHATEVER IT WAS YOU SAVED US FROM... ITS *BLOOD* IT *BURNED* US.

SORRY, CREEP I GOT NO SYMPATHY FOR LAW-BREAKERS.

UMPTY-BAGGING GETS YOU SIXTEEN MONTHS IN AN ISO-CUBE

OUTSIDE THE CON-APT CONSTRUCTION SITE ON LEVEL 53.

HSssssssssssssssss

NOT ANOTHER MOVE, MONSTER

SMACK

ACROSS FROM THE AGGRO DOME, DOWN ON LEVEL 14.

LAWGIVER- ON MY MARK

ARMOR PIERC--

HOLD IT, DREDD.

LOOK IT'S *NOT* KILLING THIS ONE.

ITS VICTIM IT'S *TAKING* HIM SOMEWHERE

THWUMP

THWAM

THEN WE *FOLLOW.*

IT'S HEADING INTO THAT ABANDONED RECLAIM SITE

KEEP SOME DISTANCE!

STOMM!

LOOKS LIKE WE FOUND OUR MISSING CIVOS.

THESE CITIZENS WON'T BE ALIVE FOR LONG.

NOT AFTER *THESE* THINGS HATCH.

KEEP CLOSE AND QUIET.

LET'S FIND OUT WHERE THESE EGGS ARE COMING FROM.

AND WHERE THAT *CREATURE* RAN OFF T--

SKKK

DROKK!

DROKK! THAT MUTT BUSTED MY PIECE.

I DON'T HAVE A GUN, AND YOU DON'T HAVE A SHOT.

NO, WHAT I DON'T HAVE IS. I DON'T HAVE A *CHOICE.*

LAWGIVER: INCENDIARY MAXIMUM TEMPERATURE.

LAWGIVER: ARMOR PIERCING. RAPID FIRE.

splok

spuk

splek

spwek

tratatat

APOLOGIES FOR THAT.

YOU'RE GOING TO WAKE UP WITH A FEW MORE SCARS.

BUT AT LEAST YOU GET TO WAKE UP.

LOOKS LIKE IT'S JUST YOU AND ME NOW, ANDERSON.

ANDERSON?

"ANDERSON?!"

I *KNOW* YOU'RE AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE I CAN FEEL YOU IN MY HEAD.

NOPE. NOT GOING BACK THAT WAY.

SRCH

YEAH, *THERE* YOU ARE

UGLY MOTHER SPUGGER, AREN'T YOU?

HSSSS

SSSS

TIME'S UP FOR YOU, SCUM!

LAWGIVER. HI-EX.

DEPLOY *ALL* ROUNDS

THOOM

THOOM

THOOM

RWOOM

COME ON.

LET'S GET *OUT* OF HERE.

ALL OF US.

AND LET THIS PLACE BURN TO THE GROUND.

CLICK

CONTROL, THIS IS DREDD.

ALIEN ORGANISMS HAVE BEEN *ELIMINATED.*

I NEED MULTIPLE MED-TECH UNITS, A FLEET OF CORONER MEAT WAGONS, A FIRE-CONTAINMENT SQUAD, AND AN ENVIRONMENTAL CLEAN-UP CREW TO AMES BLOCK NORTHWEST QUADRANT, SECTOR 12, 35TH FLOOR.

*AND THEN **LATER** WE'RE GOING TO HAVE **WORDS** ABOUT WHY YOU DIDN'T SEND BACK-UP THE **FIRST** TIME I ORDERED IT.*

AND SO.

HE WANTS TO THANK YOU FOR YOUR ROLE IN THE HUNT. IN AVENGING HIS FRIENDS.

HE SAYS HE THINKS YOU ARE A WORTHY WARRIOR, AND AN HONORABLE HUNTER.

HE BELIEVES YOU WOULD BE A CHALLENGE FOR HIM IN SINGLE COMBAT, AND SAYS HE CAN OFFER NO HIGHER COMPLIMENT.

YEAH, OKAY HE'S NOT TOO BAD EITHER.

NOW LET HIM KNOW I WANT HIM *OFF* OF THIS PLANET

TELL HIM TO TAKE HIS TROPHY AND *GO.*

COME BACK, AND HE'LL BE IN VIOLATION OF THE *LAW.*

EARTH'S LAW, AND *MY* LAW

MAKE SURE YOU TELL THE *REST* OF YOUR PEOPLE, TOO.

EARTH IS *OFF LIMITS.*

"AND HUNTING SEASON IS *OVER.*"

FIN.

PREDATOR™ VS JUDGE DREDD VS ALIENS

SKETCHBOOK

Notes by Chris Mooneyham | Colors by Michael Atiyeh

JUDGE DREDD vs. ALIENS vs. PREDATOR

DEC. 2015

"REINSTOT"

- FOUR LARGE SPIDER EYES
- STEREOTYPICAL "MAD SCIENTIST" GARB
- BASED ON BELA LUGOSI IN "WHITE ZOMBIE" (FOR REF)

- SMALL, EUROPEAN LOOKING MAN
- VERY THREATENING/MENACING

- XENOMORPH SKULL RECOVERED FROM CRASHED PRED SHIP
- USED BY REINSTOT TO REENGINEER "ALIENS"

JUDGE DREDD vs. ALIENS vs. PREDATOR

PREDATOR CLAN

DEC. 2015

CHRIS MOONEYHAM

·LONG SPINES

·WILD LOOKING

·LONG BOTTOM TUSKS

·SHORT UPPER TUSKS

"BLADE"

·LARGER VERSION WRIST BLADE

"TWO-FACE"

·XENOMORPH CHEST ARMOR

·RIGHT SIDE OF FACE EXTREMELY SCARRED *NO MANDIBLES*

·SHORT DREDS

"CASTAWAY"

·CLASSIC HELMET

·ORIGINAL "AVP" ARMOR

·SCATTER GUN

·CLASSIC PRED DESIGN

·SMOOTHER FACE

·MORE CRUSTACEAN-LIKE FACE

"BOSS"

·TWO SHOULDER CANNONS

·ELDER?

←BACK TIED INTO PONYTAIL
·LONG BLUE DREDS

·CLAN SYMBOL

·MORE CRANIAL RIDGES THAN OTHER PREDS

"SNARE"

·RETRACTABLE ELECTRO SNARE

·ENERGY LASSO

JUDGE DREDD vs. ALIENS vs. PREDATOR

JAN 2016

"ARCHBISHOP EMOJI"

- 50s STYLE TV SCREEN FACE
- CABLE "BEARD"

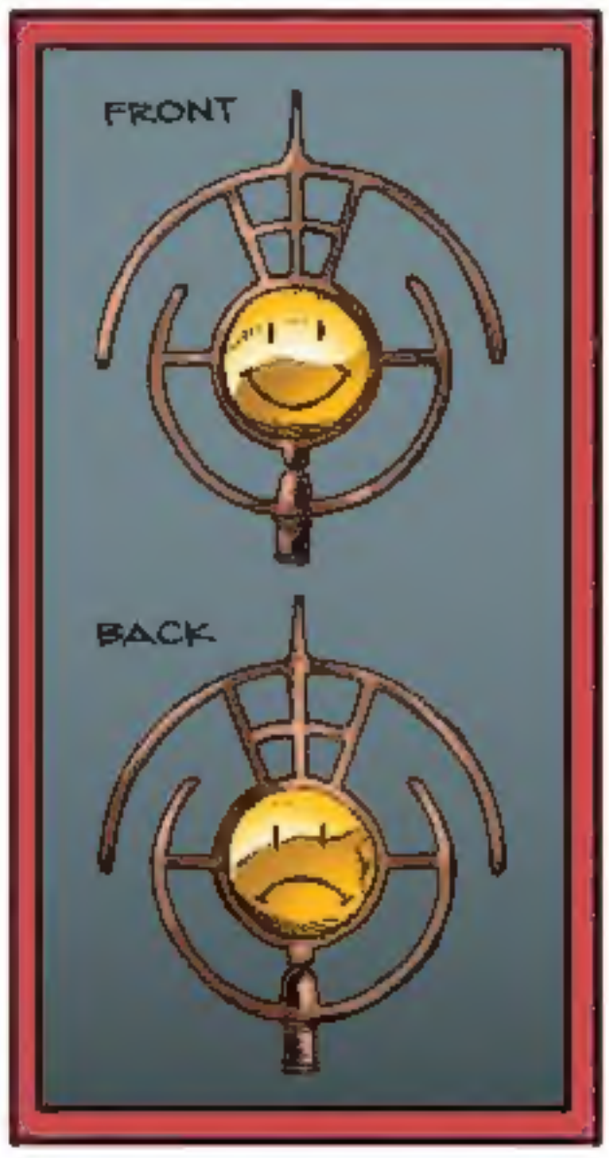
- POWER CABLES FROM BACK OF HEAD TO HEAD-DRESS

- BLACK ROBE
- RED SASH

- THE ARCH-BISHOP MITRE (OR HAT) IS A PART OF EMOJI'S HEAD. IT DOES **NOT** COME OFF.

THE (SHOWING) ROBOTICS LOOK REGAL, YET WORN/RUSTED

- NOTHING ON EMOJI LOOKS STATE OF THE ART



- FOUR BASIC EXPRESSIONS
- ALL INTER-CHANGEABLE
- WHEN IN "OFF MODE", OR "DEAD", ALL THAT'S SHOWN ARE THE EYES, CONVEYED BY TWO Xs, a/a

BEFORE GOING BLANK.

"RESTING/NORMAL"

"SAD"

"HAPPY"

"ANGRY"

- ALL CONTOURS ARE DRAWN FREE HAND, INDICATING A MORE ORGANIC FEEL

*NO RULERS OR GUIDES

THE ULTIMATE SCIENCE-FICTION CROSSOVER pits the legendary lawman Judge Dredd against the universe's supreme hunters, the Predators, as they both try to survive an onslaught by the galaxy's ultimate killing machines, the Aliens!

Judge Dredd and Judge Anderson have tracked a criminal cult across the Cursed Earth and into the Alabama Morass, where a mad genetic scientist with destructive designs has acquired the best genes that evolution has to offer—a xenomorph skull! A Predator, attracted to the warm climate and superior prey, has declared hunting season and calls for backup. All paths will cross in a mind-blowing sci-fi showdown with the fate of the Earth at stake!

This volume collects issues #1–#4 of the Dark Horse Comics and IDW series *Predator vs. Judge Dredd vs. Aliens*.

IDW

DARK HORSE BOOKS

2000 AD